THE WARRES OF CYrus King of Perſia, againſt Antiochus *King of Aſſyria*, with the Tragicall ende of Panthæa.

Played by the children of her Maieſties Chappell.

LONDON
Printed by E. A. for William Blackwal, and are to be ſold at his ſhop ouer againſt Guild-hall gate. *1594.*

The warres of Cyrus king of *Persia against Antiochus king* of Asiria.

Enter Cyrus, Histaspas, Chrysandus, with other.

Cyrus.

YE Persians, Medians, and Hircanians,
Trustie assistans, assisters in this happie war,
Ye see the banded power of Asia, (fields
Whose uumber ouerspread the Asirian
And in their passage dranke maine riuers
By fauour of the gods, and our deuoire, (drie,
Are ouerthrowne and scattred through the plaines,
Like Autumne leaues before a Northren winde.
Cresus is foild, and fled to Lydia,
The Arabian prince is whelmde amidst the sands,
And last, the old Asyrian king is slaine.
Now triumph in the fortune of your hands,
Whose fame hath directed these affaires.

Chris. O *Cyrus* when I saw the Lydian king,
Cresus that dastard and reprochot Asia,
Shining in armour forgde of Indian gold.
Braue mounted on a praancer of Eperus,
So shamefully to forsake the field and flie,
I enuied that so cowardly a king,
Should vse so good an armour and a horse.

Cyr. *Chrisandas*, like to *Cresus* be our foes,

Glorious in shew, but cowardly in minde.

Chris. *Cyrus* those armes which dastard *Cresus* were,
And horse of pride and courage past compare,
What heart so base that would deme to fight,
Might I but liue to backe so braue a steed.

Cyr. *Cresus* is gone, and gone with him his steed,
This wish of yours *Christantas* is in vaine,
But of two hundred horses of mine owne,
Of gallant race and courage singular,
Take you the choise and furniture withall,
The bridles bit of massie siluer wrought,
The bosses golde, the reynes of Persian silke,
The saddles all embrodered purple worke,
Armde through with plates, with fine ingrauen golde,
And golden trappers dangling to the ground.

Chris. So liue my Lord and flourish still,
As I regard this honourable gift.

Cyr. Now Lords we haue gotten the honor of the day
And with our feet trod downe the Thracian pride,
While I doe sacrifie for victorie,
and chose the holy aultars of the gods,
Doe you betwixt the armies part the spoiles,
and glad our men with fruits of our conquest.

Ara. What portion of the golde shall we reserue
To be employed in your highnesse vse?

Cyr. *Araspas* none for me, diuide it all,
It pleaseth me to see my souldiers rich. *Exit Cyrus.*

Chris. The Persian horse-men that did giue the charge
Shall haue fiue hundred talents for their share.

Hist. The Medians that did enforce the fight,
and seconded the Persian men at armes,
Allot to them six hundred arming coates.

Ara. The archers of Hercania serued so well,
as not to giue them paiment with the rest,
Were open wrong to their approude deserts.

You

Chr. You know that in the sacking of Assyrians tents
we found three thousand Scithians bowes in store,
finisht with quiuers readie to the field,
Let them be lotted to the Hercanians part.

Hist. And truth *Chrisantas* you know well,
That bowes and quiuers gree with archers best,
Cyrus himselfe you see refuseth golde,
And onely seekes to make his fellowes rich,
what restes amidst the conquered spoiles,
wherein his highnesse may be gratified?

Ara. Histaspis there is a proud Assyrian tent,
Wherein the king was wont to sleepe and banket in,
I thinke if that were offered to his hands,
Cyrus would take it in most gracious part.

Chr. But is the pride and brauerie thereof,
worthie to be presented to our Lord?

Aras. Asia hath not seene a richer prise,
The couering is of blew Sydonian silke,
Imbrodered all with pearle and precious stones,
They glimmer brighter than the Sunne it selfe,
On euerie point of the pauilion,
There standes a princely top of Phenise plumes,
which trickt with spangles and with siluer belles,
And euerie gentle murmur of the winde,
delights the day with euerie harmonie.
The stakes wherewith t'is fastened to the ground,
are massie siluer of the purest proofe,
The ropes are all of chrimson silke and golde,
Hung from the top with wrests of Iuorie,
Vnder a Vine where Bacchus bruseth grapes,
and twentie cubits houer in the leaues,
Beleeue me Lords, when I beheld the thing,
The worke appeard so glorious to the eie.

Chr. Araspas you describe a princely thing,
Worthie to be presented to a king.

And

Hist. And here is a tent, though far from such a tent,
This shall be mine, the owner's fled or slaine,
Cri. O beautie rare, and more than mortall shape,
What goddesse oweth this earthly tabernacle.
Pan. *Nicasia* sings while *Panthea* sits and sighes.
But singing sings of *Panthias* wretchednes.
Christ. What are ye Ladie?
Pan. What I would not be.
Christ. Faire you are, what would ye more?
Pan I would be free.
Ye Persian Lords I am a woefull dame,
Exposed to wretchednesse and fortunes wrath,
And thus I haue resolude you what I am.
Ara. Ladie, the graces that adorne your presence,
Deserues a fortune milde as is your face.
But howsoeuer Fortune enuies you,
Yet we will vse you honourable still.
Pan. You vse me then but as you ought to doe.
Christ. Nay Ladie we may vse you otherwise,
For voluntarie fauours be no debt.
Pan. But Lords what ere you ought is debt,
you ought to vse me well, and therefore debt.
Ara. Madam, you are a captiue in our hands,
And captiues are not to command the conquerours.
Pan. No Lords, if captiues might command the conquerors,
I would command you to release me hence.
But captiue as I am, honour commands,
That you intreate and vse me honourably.
Christ. Such honour as to captiues doth belong,
Such honour Ladie we intend to you.
Pan. My sex requireth more then common grace.
Ara. And eke so doth that liuely face.
Pan. Let be my visage as shall please my conqueror,
And now Ile learne to craue with seruile tearmes.
My lords, though captiue, yet I am a Queene,

And

And wife vnto the absent Susan king.
My lord and heare Assyrian Abradate,
And noble prince and mightie man at armes.
Vpon ambassage of the king of Batria,
Chr. But madam what persuasion moou'd your mind,
To thrust your self vnto the Assyrian campe.
Pan. Weying the double fortune of the warres,
And in my thoughts foredreading these mishaps,
What likelier rescue to preuent my harmes,
Then to be garded with a mightie campe,
Since that an armie of vnited hearts,
Is stronger then a fort af brazen walles.
Ara. Madam, your fall is great and lamentable,
Thus of a Queene a captiue to become,
This rests to shew your princely fortitude,
In bearing these mishaps with patient minde.
Pan. Philosophy hath taught me to embrace,
A meane and moderation in mishaps,
Long since I learnde to master all affects,
And perturbations that assaile the minde,
Onely I haue not learnde to master chaunce,
yet haue I learnde to scorne the vtmost spight,
Onely the pangue that most torments my thought,
Is absence of my best beloued lord.
Christ. Learne henceforth to forget your lord,
There liues an other lord to enioy your loue,
Victorious *Cyrus* he shall be your lord.
Pan. Victorious *Cyrus* though I be his thrall,
Shall know my honour is inuincible.
Ara. But they that once in state of bondage bee.
Must yeeld to hest of others that be free.
Pan. Lords dreame of me or *Cyrus* as you please,
Onely this outward person is his thrall,
My minde and honour free and euer shall.
Christ. For that agree with *Cyrus* as you may,

Till then *Araspas* take her to your tent.

Aras. Come Ladie, you must walke apart with me,

Pan. So fortune and my destinies agree.

Enter Gobrias and his page.

Go. Persians conduct me to your generall,

Chr. What art thou that thus armde with sword and speare,
Dares craue accesse vnto our generall?

Go. I come to yeeld, bring me to *Cyrus* tent.

Hist. Thy habit showes thou art an enemie,
And we may suspect thou meanest but ill,
Therefore if thou wilt yeeld vnarme thy selfe,
And we will bring thee vnto *Cyrus* tent.

Go. The Assyrian king whom ye haue put to death,
Making me leader of a thousand horse,
Buckled the armour with his gracious hands,
Nor shall it be vnlooſed but by a king.

Hist. How hautie minded is this conquered man,
Cyrus shall know vpon what tearmes he standes.
Assyrian captaine as thou loueſt thy life,
Stand not vpon thy guard, but yeeld to vs.

Go. Smal guard haue I to shield me from your swords,
Most of my region is slaine in fight,
And of a thousand onely these are left,
Whose wounds yet bleeding proues the faint & weak,
Yet rather will we runne vpon your speares,
Then with dishonour yeeld our weapons,
These if ye iniure vs must be our friends,
And either make vs liue or die like men.

Enter Cyrus.

Cyr. Of whence art thou that craues accesse to vs?

Go. By birth great *Cyrus* an Assyrian,

And

And of the noblest house in Babylon,
Sometime commander of a thousand horse,
But those thy men haue slaughtered and surprised,
And therefore I haue lost the ample stile,
yet I am mighty *Gobrias*, rich in reuenues, strong in for-
That can command a campe of fighting men, (tresses
As resolute (be it said without offence)
As those that had the glorie of the day,
All which with me the gouernor of all,
I yeeld vnto your mightie patronage.

Cyr. This stout Assyrian hath a liberall looke,
And of my soule is farre from trecherie,
Albeit *Gobrias* I mistrust thee not,
yet tell me being so wealthie and so strong,
Why rather yeeldst thou to thy enimie,
Then liue with freedome in Assyria.

Gob. O know my lord, whilest the Assyrian king,
Which in this warre was slaine, enioyed the crowne,
Being highly fauoured of his maiestie,
He sent vnto me for mine onely sonne,
Meaning to grace me with the nuptiall,
Of his faire daughter louely *Carmela*.
I glad to haue alyance with the king,
Sent him my sonne. Who comming to the court,
Was faire entreated, gently entertained,
And well was he that might be his copere,
For faire he was and full of sweete demeanour.
Pleasant, sharpe, wise and liberall,
And were he not my sonne, I would say more,
Though his remembrance makes me weepe outright.

Cyr. Noble Assyrian either leaue to weepe,
Or speake no more, *Cyrus* is full of ruth,
And when a man of thy estate laments,
He cannot chuse but weepe for companie,
Drie vp these teares and tell the rest,

Gob. Began to growe familiar with my sonne,
And with him rode a hunting in the woods,
where first the hounds put vp a russet beare,
At which the king floong soone his hunting dart,
And missed. But mine threw and pearced his heart.
Then sodainly a Lion did arise,
At whom likewise he let his lauelin flie,
And hit him not: which when my sonne perceyude,
He ouerthrew the Lion as the beare,
which done, said he, twice haue I throwne and sped,
whereat the prince snatcht from his page a speare,
And in a rage murdered my guiltlesse sonne.
And that (which greeues me more) when he was dead,
Albeit the old king wept most bitterly,
He neither did repent nor shed a teare,
Nor would consent to giue him buriall,
but left him in the field vntill I came,
And tooke his bodie in these aged armes,
which eke for griefe made me to let him fall,
And then a fresh made him to bleed againe,
And me to weepe vpon his naked breast,
Oh iudge my lord, if you haue had a sonne,
How heauily I brooke his timelesse death.
Oh iudge my lord, whether that I haue cause
To offer seruice to that murtherer,
On whom I cannot looke, but in his face
as in a glasse I see my slaughtered sonne.

Cyr. Gobrius thou hast iust cause to reuolt,
And we to trust thy welcome vnto vs,
And for the thousand horse which thou hast lost,
we will requite them with a greater gift,
be thou lieutenant of the Arcadians.

Gob. I hnmblie thanke your royall maiestie,
And here in presence of the Persian lords,
adopt you heire of all my prouinces,

My holdes and castels, villages and townes,
Conditionally that I may be reuenged,
On this archtyrant murderer of my sonne.
Sauing one daughter I haue neuer a child,
And she endued with iewels, plate and golde,
shall be bestowed as you my lord thinke best.

Cyr. Assirian I haue captaines worthie here,
She shall be matched as beseemes a princes borne,
And for reuenge vpon the Asirian king,
We will girt in Babylon with our high host,
Or either starue them with a lingring siege,
Or rip his bowels with our Persian swords,
But in the meane time frolicke in our tent,
Hystaspis lead the Assyrian to our campe.
And entertaine him as beseemeth a prince,
Armuchus and *Chrisantus* follow him.
Araspas, as I lately gaue in charge
Is all the spoile diuided equally?

Ara. It is my Lord, and euerie souldier pleased,
Where is enclosed a iewell of such worth,
As Asia hardly can affoord the like,
The Susian king stout *Abradates* Queene,
A woman so richly imbellished
with beautie and perfection of the minde,
As neuer any mortall creature was,
Her haire as radiant as is Tagis sand,
And softer than the streame on which it runnes,
Her lillie cheekes all died with ruddie blush,
Castes such reflection to the standers by,
As doth the vnion of ten thousand sunnes.
Through her transparant necke the aire doth play,
And makes it fairer then a Christall glasse,
And from her eyes it seemes nature herselfe,
Bids euerie starre receiue his proper light.
For with her glaunce she casteth such a brightnesse,

As makes the night more brighter than the day,
And day more fairer than is Eliziur.
But when she talkes so pleasant is her voice,
As were she blacker then the pitchie night,
She would entise the hardest massagite,
Or wildest Scythian in your highnesse campe.
And when she lookes vpon you, were she dumbe
Her beautie were in stead of eloquence.
And had she neither louelinesse or wit,
The harmonie she makes would rauish you,
She weepes and plaies while both her handmaids sing.
And sighes at euerie straine vsing that note,
Which Orpheus sings for Eruditus.
with wringed hands her waiting maids keepe time,
Vpon their mournefull breasts, as were we flint,
we could not chuse but melt to heare their songs,
wherefore my lord comfort this captiue dame,
And with your presence comfort her distresse.

Cyr. *Araspas* wouldest thou haue me visit her,
when by her beautie I may be enthralled?

Ara. Your Grace may looke on her, and yet not loue.

Cyr. Dost thou not thinke that loue is violent?

Ara. Nay rather voluntarie my gracious lord,
you know that womans beautie is like fire,
And fire doth alwayes burne each thing alike,
Therefore if nature were of such great power,
Should euerie man by beautie be enflamed?
But beautious things are not in equall powers,
For some loue that which others do abstaine.
Either for feare or loue, to proue this true,
The sister of the brother is not loued,
The daughter of the father not desired,
And yet some one loues any of them both.

Cyr. If loue be voluntarie as thou saiest,
why cannot louers leaue it when they will?

They.

Ara. They may.

Cyr. Haue you not seene them weepe and waile for death?
Emptie their purse of coine, their braine of wit,
Sending both gifts and letters to their loues?

Ara. They yeeld too much vnto affections.
T'is follie and not beautie makes them die.

Cyr. Men are in folly when they are in loue,
Vrge me no more, I will not visite her.
For by the eie loue slips into the heart,
Making men idle, negligent.
Nothing can more dishonour warriours,
Then to be conquered with a womans looke.
Araspas I resigne my part to thee,
Thou shalt be keeper of that Susan Queene,
Vse her as fits a woman of such birth,
Excuse me for not comming to her tent,
Bid her be merrie with her singing maides,
And say that *Cyrus* will entreate her faire. *Exeunt.*

Musicke. *Finis Actus primi.*

Enter Ctesiphon and Nobles.

Nob. *Antiochus* king of Assiria,
So Lord of Euphrates and Babylon,
How long wilt thou lament thy fathers death?
Cast off those mourning weedes.

Anot. How long will I lament my fathers death?
Vntill proud Persia weepe for *Cyrus* death.

Ctes. Oh that will neuer be, *Cyrus* is strong,
So strong my Lord, that were not Babylon,
Fortifyed with vittailes for twentie yeeres,
Garded with souldiers that will neuer yeeld,
Sooner would he expell you from your seate,
Then you with open armes could anger him.

What

Ant. What is reuenge but open warres,
As were *Antiochus* a priuate man,
And one of you king of Assyria,
I would not faile to worke his ouerthrow,
But you that are not toucht with inward griefe,
will not in that attempt be resolute.

Ctes. Vouchsafe O Lord to tell me what it is,
If I attempt it not then let me die.

Ant. Why this it is, feigne I haue iniurde thee,
And offer seruice to the Persian king,
Then being receiued as late Gobrias was,
How easlie maist thou slea him and escape,
For in the night he walkes about his tampe,
Without a guard euen as a common man.

Ctes. Yet he that kilies him suer is to die. (quite

Ant. I thought the feare of death would daunt him
A thousand talents would I freely giue,
To him that vndertakes this enterprise.

Ctes. My Lord I am resolude, giue me the gold.
And I will venture life in this exploit.

Ant. My treasurer at armes shall giue it thee,
And *Ctisifon* when I receiue his head,
Beside this summe thou shalt haue annuall pay,
As much as thy reuenues mount vnto,
And where thou art by calling but a knight,
Ile make thee Lord of many prouinces.

Ctes. As for the gold keepe it till I returne,
and if I die deliuer it to my friend.

Ant. Well *Ctesiphon* manage this glorious act,
Let me embrace him ere I take my leaue.

Ctes. Fare well my lord. Now you Assyrian gods,
To whom we sacrifice our fo-mens blood,
Giue fauour to my lookes, faith to my speach,
That being gracious with the Persian Lord,
By me Assyria may be free from bands,

And

And both the king and subiects death reuengde.
Nob, Fare well braue minded *Ctesiphon*.
Ant. While this is doing we will march from hence,
Vnto the countrey where *Gobrias* dwelt,
He hath a castell well replenished,
with vittailes, men and furniture,
And as our spies giues vs to vnderstand,
His onely daughter stayes within the hold,
Not knowing of her fathers late reuolt,
Therefore will we surprise her vnawares,
and thou shalt be lieutenant in his stead,
when we haue made his souldiers yeeld the fort.

Enter Araspas solus.

Ara. Must I confesse that loue is violent,
By doting on my captiue *Panthea*,
I will not loue, Ile bridle those affects.
It cannot be resisted, I must yeeld,
Oh what a tyrant is this cruel loue,
That drinkes my blood, and makes me pale and wan,
That sucks my spirits, and makes me weake and faint,
That teares my heart, and makes me almost dead.
That reuels in my braines and makes me mad.
I am a souldier, and will conquer loue,
Ile mount me straight, giue me a horse-mans staffe,
Proud loue, sit fast, for now *Araspas* runnes,
Runne, and scarcely stand: O *Panthea*,
Thou sets my idle fantasie thus a worke,
and makes me speake and thinke I know not what.
I would I might forget faire *Panthea*,
I cannot name her but I must say faire,
And that word faire makes me remember her.
Panthea is vglie, blacke, ill fauoured, fowle,
And who is so beautifull as she?

And

And I must weepe for this misterming her,
Why should I weepe? aske the reason why
I haue abusde my loue, weepe not but die.
Die not but liue and enioy thy loue.
What contrarietie consisteth in my words,
O reconcile them, louely *Panthea*,
Thy lookes hath made me lunatike.

Enter Panthea and Nicasia.

Pan. I haue intelligence that our Lord is sicke,
we come to comfort him as captiues may.
Aras. Oh welcome *Panthea*, shall I tell my griefe?
Pan. Sit still my Lord,
why change you colour thus, what troubles you?
Aras. Something stands by and whispers in my eare,
A kisse of *Panthea* will recouer me.
Pan. O leaue these idle words, they make you worse
Ara. Nay they recouer me, I am halfe well.
Pan. So say they that are going from the world.
Ara. *Panthea* sit downe, but sit so *Panthea*,
As I may view thy face, or else I die.
Pan. *Nicasia* commaund the musicke play,
It may be musicke will alay the fit.
Ara. *Nicasia* cause the musicke cease, *Musick plaies.*
For it is harsh and mars the harmonie,
Come *Panthea* sit downe by me, and let vs talke.
Pan. Talke is naught, turne ye about and sleepe.
Aras. Oh loue?
Pan. How now my Lord, a souldier and loue-sicke?
Aras. I cannot keepe it in, it brusts my heart,
For thee sweete *Panthea* is *Araspas* sicke.
Pan. For me, my Lord.
Aras. Fling not away, celestiall *Panthea*,
Though I were halfe dead I should follow thee.

Pan. The aire will hurt thee, whither wilt thou go.
Ara. Where *Panthea* goes, oh frowne not my faire loue.
Pan. Then loue me not, else I will more then frowne.
Ara. What will a captiue woman threat her loue.
Pan. Oh giue poore *Panthea* leaue to threat her selfe.
I meane my Tragedie shall end the loue.
Ara. No louely Queene, Ile rather end my loue.
Then anger *Panthea*, much lesse let her die,
And yet God knowes my loue can neuer end,
Being infinite in measure and in time.
Pan. What wordes bee these that cut my eares with griefe,
Oh *Abradates* little dost thou know,
What miserie poore *Panthea* doth sustaine,
wicked *Araspas* perish in thy loue. *Exit Panthea.*
Aras. Cannot I winne her, O vnhappie man?
Araspas thou wantst eloquence to wooe,
Against chastitie no eloquence preuailes,
It was because I offered her no gift,
She is a Queene what gifts can compasse her,
I should haue courted her with better words,
But here doth loue and threatning disagree,
Nothing but Magicke can obtaine her loue,
If Magicke will, then *Panth'a* shall be mine.

Actus secundus. Enter Hystaspis and Chrisantas.

Hyst. Chrisantas, when I looke into the life,
The maners, deeds, and qualities of minde,
The graueneſſe, power, and imperiall parts,
wherewith yong *Cyrus* is so full adornde,
My thoughts foresee that he is ordained of God,
To enlarge the limits of the Persian raigne.
Chr. Hystaspis, rare it is to see those yeeres,
So furnished with such rare experience,
As is not common in the grayest haires.
Besides his bodie hath of these rare gifts,

Vſed to labour, hunger, thirſt and colde,
Giues true foretokens that the prince will proue,
A famous warriour and a conquerour.
Hiſt. And of the ſundry vertues that abounds
Dayly increaſing in her princely breaſt,
Religion to the gods exceedes them all.
Chr. And reaſon good for of all humane workes,
The care of them ſhould chieflie be preferred.

Enter Cyrus.

Cy. Is this Aſſyrian friend or foe to vs?
That dares approch ſo neare the Perſian campe.
Cte. In bending of my ſpeare to Babylon,
And breaking it againſt the Aſſyrian ground,
I came a friend, not foe to *Cyrus* campe.
Hiſt. What reaſon moues thee an Aſſyrian borne,
To beare ſuch rancour to thy countrey ſoyle.
Cte. That ſecret I reſerue for *Cyrus* eares,
Vnto whoſe ſecret fauour, I ſubmit
My perſon, honour, fortune, fame and life.
Hiſt. Informe the king certainly I will,
O Perſians truely fortunate are you,
Vnder ſubiection of ſo ſweete a prince,
That meaſures all the actions of his life,
By mercie, iuſtice, and reſpect of right.
Hiſt. It ſeemes th'Aſſyrian prince hath iniured this man,
with ſome notorious great indignitie.
Cy. Man of Aſſyria, what wouldeſt thou with me?
Cte. O gracious Lord great and inuincible,
Receiue into protection of your grace,
A wretched man vndone by tyrannie,
And lawleſſe rigour of a cruell prince,
Cy. What prince is he that thou accuſeſt thus?
Cte. The new Aſſyrian king, a man diſtainde

With

With endlesse markes of villanie and blood.
Cy. Discend vnto the purpose of thy tale,
And make thy state and fortune plaine at once.
Cte. I am, (I am said I) I was a man,
Earst noble, now banisht reprobate,
Highlie in fauour with the Assyrian prince,
Till sensuall rage of his vnbrideled lust,
Did lay my state and honour in the dust,
And thus great Lord begun my Tragedie,
One onely virgin daughter had your thrall,
Of yeares inclining now to mariage state,
Her face and beautie (if I seeme not vaine)
were equall to the best Assyrian dames,
And she supposde the flower of Babylon.
The bruite of which her rare perfections ran,
Swifter than Fame through all th'Assyrian land,
And lastly rested in the princes eares,
Who wounded with report of beauties pride,
Vnable to restraine his derne desire,
Attended by a band of armed men,
Inuades my castell when I was at rest,
And bare my daughter thence with violate hands,
Vnto his pallace where she doth remaine,
As concubine allotted to his bed.
Striuing her desperate honour to preserue,
I came in frantike sort to Babylon,
Exclaiming on this villainous despite,
Banding the prince with many a bitter view,
My iust complaints when once he vnderstood,
He sortes me out a damned bloudie crew,
Of ruffians, swearers, murderers, and theeues,
Professed men for gaine and lucre sake,
To make no conscience whom they slay and kill,
Those men by solemne othe had vowed my life,
A sacrifice vnto their cursed swordes,

And houre by houre they ſought to reaue my ſoule,
Liuing in hazard of continuall death,
I knew no hope for me at Babylon,
Other then my graue and dumleſſe ſepulchre,
And ſo for refuge to my wretched life,
I haue abandoned countrey, friends and all,
And proſtrate my eſtate at *Cyrus* feete,
O puiſſant Lord whoſe great and conquering ſworde,
was forgde by *Mars*, and made for victorie,
Protect the life of thy vnhappie thrall,
And make him follower of the Perſian armes,
That in the fortune of thy mightie hand,
The fall of *Cteſiphon* may be reuengde.

Gob. O *Cteſiphon*, this tale of thine reuiues
The wofull memorie of my deareſt ſonne,
Slaughtered by that moſt barbarous tyrant hand.

Cyr. *Gobrias* ye haue heard the Aſſyrian tale,
What great complaints he makes againſt the prince,
And thoſe not cauſeleſſe if his wordes be true,
Now *Cyrus* is not raſhly credulous,
Nor bindes his faith on euerie ſtrangers vowes.
Tell me *Gobrias*, doſt thou ſimplie thinke,
That this diſcourſe is naught but naked truth,
Or elſe ſome forged or diſſembled gloſe,
To ſound our ſecrets, and bewray our drifts.

Go. *Cyrus* the diſpoſition of this prince,
Solde vp and ſworne to endleſſe villanies,
May proue the griefes of *Cteſiphon* vnfained,
Vpon my conſcience *Cyrus* truſt the man,
No doubt his ſorrow and complaints are true.

Cte. O *Cyrus* ſo it pleaſde the immortall Gods,
How happie were thy ſeruant, if his words
proceeded from a vaine diſſembling tongue,
So were my daughters honor vndefiled,
And *Cteſiphon* her father not exiled.

Cyr. Be valiant *Cresiphon* and follow me,
Follow the fortune of a haphie campe,
Not doubt thou, but thou shalt see the ende,
Shall rue the inimries of his barbarous life,
Among the damned soules in darkest hell.

Cre. Then should my ghost with seaseleſſe wordes oppreſt,
Passe and discend into the graue in rest.

Exeunt omnes.

To the audience.

We gentle gentlemen deuise of late,
To shunne the vulgar and the vertuous,
Present to you worthie to iudge of vs,
Our workes of woorth and valiantnes at once.
What wants in vs imagin in the workes,
What in the workes, condemne the writer of,
But if the worke and writing please you both,
That Zenophon from whence we borrow write,
Being both a souldier and philosopher,
Warrants what we record of *Panthea*,
It is writ in sad and tragicke tearmes,
May moue you teares, then you content our muse,
That seemes to trouble you, againe with toies
Or needleſſe antickes imitations,
Or shewes, or new deuises sprung a late,
we haue exilde them from our Tragicke stage,
As trash of their tradition, that can bring
nor instance, nor excuse. For what they do
In stead of mournefull plaints our *Chorus* sings,
Although it be against the vpstart guise,
Yet warranted by graue antiquitie,
we will reuiue the which hath long beene done.

Exit.

Enter Alexandra like a page, Libanio in Alexandras apparell.

Lib. Madame you see your page doth vndertake,
A costly peece of seruice for your sake,
For well that seruice costly may be called,
The ende whereof of force must cost my life,
For when th'Assyrian king shall vnderstand
My forged habit, and dissembling sex,
And in these female weedes shall find *Libanio*,
And *Alexandra* freely scapt his handes,
What hope but certaine death remaines for me,
And that with torments rare and exquisite.
Yet madame for the reuerence to my Lord,
And dutie that doth bind me to your selfe,
I will be *Alexandra* for this once,
and die to saue your honour and your life.

Alex. O trustie seruant, seruant of surmounting faith,
Worthie to attend the person of a god,
Rather then daughter of poore *Gobrias*,
This sacred seruice to a sillie dame,
Shall be ingrauen in tables of my heart,
with letters and characters so perfourmde,
That when this bodie is bestowde in graue,
No time nor yet corruption shall deface,
The print thereof from *Alexandras* breast.

Lib. Thankes Ladie, And for your further meede,
Sufficeth me the honour of the deede.
Me thinkes I see the Assyrian stout at hand,
Now madame carie a couragious heart,
And trust your page for *Alexandras* part.

Alex. A Tragicall part I feare *Libanio*.

Enter Antiochus, Seleuens, Critobulus with others.

Ant. Bird of a traitor I presume at last,
Your lot would be to light into my handes,
Although of cankred heart you would not yeeld,
Vntill your castell shaked about your eares.
Lib. O soueraigne Lord stand gracious to this dame,
That neuer trespast in offence to you.
Ant. Thy fathers treason in reuolting backe,
From due allegeance to th Assyrian crowne,
I will reuenge vpon his daughters life.
Lib. What honour in a sillie virgins death?
That nere had power or will to harme your grace.
Ant. Because the plants of such corrupted stockes,
will fructifie according to the roote,
And for *Gobrias* treason to his prince,
I will preuent like mischiefes in his race.
Lib. Admit *Gobrias* might be reclaimed,
Vnto his first allegiance to my Lord,
Would you remit the offence of his reuolt,
And take him to your former grace againe?
Ant. So let the gods stand gracious to my soule,
If he forsake those hatefull Persian armes,
And firme his faith and loyaltie to me.
Lib. Then prince before you wreake reuenge on me,
Grant passeport and safeconduite to my page,
That he may goe and signifie to him,
The desperate state wherein his daughter standes,
When once my father shall perceiue my plight,
And that my life must pay for his reuolt,
I know that instant houre he will returne,
And yeeld himselfe to mercie of my Lord.
Ant. Scribe giue her page safe conduct through my campe,
And boy when you ariue before *Gobrias*,
Tell if he returne I pardon him,
If otherwise, off goes his daughters head.
Alex. I will dread Lord: O madam grant the gods,

These

These eyes once more may see your libertie.

Exit Alexander.

Lib. As pleaseth their dieties *Libertie.*

Ant. Dimon take you this damsell to your charge,
And vse her noblie though she be a thrall.

Dimon. To vse her worse the honour were but small.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Ctesiphon.

Cte. I murther *Cyrus*, farre be such a thought,
Much more the execution of the deed,
Like as the Sunne beames to the gazers eye,
So is his view to daunted *Ctesiphon*,
During the rancor of my wicked minde,
And melting all in thoughts of sweet remorce,
How wise and gracious is this Persian king,
Who by his wisdome winnes his followers hearts,
Letting them march in armour wrought with gold,
And he girt in a coate of complete steele.
O *Cyrus* politique and liberall,
How honourable and magnanimious?
Rewarding vertue, and reuenging wrongs,
How full of temperance and fortitude,
Daring to menace Fortune with his sworde,
Yet mercifull in all his victories, *Enter Cyrus.*
See where he comes, Ile falle vpon the ground,
And aske for pardon at his highnesse feet.

Cyr. Rise vp Assyrian, *Cyrus* is no God.

Cte. O Cyrus, know *Antiochus* my Lord,
My Lord, said I, no I will renounce him quite,
Suborn'd me wretch with his persuasious wordes,
To doe a deed of such impietie,
As I God knowes suborne to thinke vpon,
It was thy death victorious Cyrus,
But mightie Lord your vertues conquered me,
And of an enemie false and trecherous,

Am

Am I become a vowed friend to *Cyrus* health,
And in that resolution prest to die.

Cyr. Liue long to waile for thy pretended ill,
As free from punishment as for reward,
The liues of kings are garded by the gods,
Nor are they in the hands of mortall men,
Assyrian, though thy sword were at my breast,
The gealous angell that attends on vs,
Would snatch it from thy hands, and fling it downe.
And therefore muse not at this accident.

Cte. Seeing knightly Cyrus is thus mercifull,
Vouchsafe this seruice at thy vassals hands,
Giue me but letters from your Maiestie,
To signifie how faine you would haue peace,
And draw your legions from Assyria,
And bearing them vnto *Antiochus*,
In the deliuerie I will murther him.
So highly do I honour Cyrus name,
So vildlie thinke on base *Antiochus*.

Enter Gobrias with Alexandra.

Cyr. Thou shalt haue letters to th'Assyrian king,
Free libertie to passe from this our campe,
And conduit monie from our Treasurie.
Attend our leysure, I will send thee straight.
What virgin is it that *Gobrias* leades?

Go. My daughter mightie Cyrus, and your child,
For I commit her to your patronage.

Cyr. Then princely virgin welcom to our campe.
But why sigh you, why hang you downe the head?
And in your pale lookes burie beauties pride,
T'is pitie these lookes should be staind with teares.

Alex. Euen as a doue late rifeled by the Eagle,
Whose breast is tainted with his forked talents,
So stands poore *Alexandra* terrified.

And almost dead to think of her escape,
If thou be *Cyrus* of whom Asia rings,
Rescue, O rescue poore *Libanio*.

Cyr. From whom faire madame should I rescue him.

Alex. O from Antiochus that bloodie king.
Who when he heard my father serude your grace,
Besiegde his fortresse with his men at armes,
Where onely I and that *Libanio* staide,
By whom I liue. For when the hold was lost,
He being bondman and of a baser birth,
would needes constraine me to put on his weedes,
And he disguisde as I was woont to go,
would be *Gobrias* daughter in my stead,
And so was thought of king Antiochus,
and all the nobles of his warlike campe,
But I a bondman and at his request,
whose care was onely to preserue my life,
Sent hither as a messenger from him,
To will my father whom they thought my Lord,
To leaue your campe, and come to Babylon,
Or else *Libanio* his beloued childe
should die for his so traitorlike reuole,
And die he must, least *Cyrus* giue him life.

Cyr, The deed was full of honor and deceit,
If gold will pay his raunsome, he shall liue,
And therefore *Alexandra* be not sad.

Gob. So shall *Gobrias* beat *Cyrus* becke,
And for his sake make lauish of his blood.

Alex. And when they know how he deluded them,
I feare they'le rate his raunsome at his head.

Cy. Then blood and death Bellonas waiting maid,
shall ghastly march in Babylons waste streetes,
And neuer was a bondmans death reuenged,
as *Cyrus* meanes for this *Libanio*.

Exit omnes.

Enter

Enter Araspas, and a Magitian, to Panthea asleepe.

Ara. Giue me the charme, for now doth *Panthea* sleep
If it preuaile this iewell shall be thine,
Mag. Doubt not the operation of this charme,
For I haue tride it on *Diana's* nymph,
And made her wanton and lasciuious,
If *Panthea* be a Goddesse she must yeeld.
Ara. But tell me first, how must it be applied?
And in what time will it begin to worke?
Mag. Lay it vnder the pillow of her bed,
and in an houre it will make her wake and yeeld.
Ara. I will. Now fauour me infernall *Ioue.*
Mag. So, wake her not till she begins to smile;
Now loue begins to seate him in her braine.
Pan. Away I will not, you are impudent.
Ara. Tell me Magitian, what importes this speech?
Mag. Why now she thinkes some solicites her.
Pan. You are deceiude, I am not beautifull.
Ara. O giue me leaue to court her in her sleepe,
It may be when she wakes she will not loue.
Mag. Softly Araspas, if you talke, she wakes.
Ara. O let her wake, I long to talke with her.
Mag. Now ginnes her eyes to open, and she stirres.
Ara. Stand thou aside vntill I call for thee.
Pan. What dreames and fond illusions haue I had?
How comes this word Loue, in *Panthea's* minde?
I loue, nay rather will I die then loue,
and yet against my will I thinke on loue,
O *Panthea* thinke vpon thy funerall,
For thou art withered with excessiue griefe,
Loue and deformitie cannot agree.
Ara. If *Panthea* be faire and beautifull,
Then loue and *Panthea* doe well agree.

Pan. *Araſpas*, *Panthea* and her ſelfe will iarre,
when ſhe ſhall yeeld to loue. Or what is loue
But gall and aloes to my martyred ſoule,
Now Abradates is not in my ſight.

Araſ. Here is Araſpas louelie Panthea,
For thee Ile leaue the field, then leaue thou him,
For thee Ile leaue the world, then loue thou me.
Let Cyrus ioy in pompe and emperie,
Sufficeth me to conquer faire *Panthea*.
Let others glorie in their ground and golde,
Panthea to me is twentie thouſand worlds.
And without *Panthea* all the world is traſh,

Pan. For thee Araſpas will I curſe my ſtarres,
That ſuffers thee ſo to ſolicite me,
For thee I will count the world as hell,
Except thou leaue thus to ſolicite me.

Ara. How figuratiue is *Panthea* in her ſpeach?
Reſembling cunning Rethoritians,
who in the perſon of ſome one deceaſde,
Perſwades their auditors to what they pleaſe,
I cannot thinke that theſe be *Panthea's* words,
She is ſo faire to giue ſo ſharpe replie,
But if theſe be the wordes of *Panthea*,
Then muſt ſhe change her face, and ſeeme leſſe faire,
For know that beautie is loues harbinger,
Then being beautious, *Panthea* needes muſt loue.

Pan. Would I were changde into ſome other ſhape,
That I might fright thee with my hideous lookes,
I in the perſon of my ſelfe deceaſde.
Proteſt this heart ſhall neuer harbour loue,
But if my lookes be this preparatiue,
Ile beate my face againſt the hapleſſe earth,
Or deeply harrow it with theſe my trembling hands,
which I hold vp to heauen to chaunge thy minde,
Or haſten death to rid me from this ſute.

Nay

Aras. Nay then if amorous courting will not serue,
Know whether thou wilt or no Ile make thee yeeld,
Pan. Though fortune make me captiue, yet know thou
That *Pantheas* will can neuer be constrainde.
Ara. But torments can enforce a womans will.
Pan. Then should thy importunitie enforce,
The sight of thee Araspas should constraine,
For I protest before the gods of heauen,
No torment can be greater in my thought.
Ara. I, say so till ye feele them *Panthea.*
Pan. I feele more torments then thou canst inuent,
who adde the more shall ease that I sustaine,
All torments be they neuer so exquisite,
Are but ascending steps vnto my ende,
And death tu *Panthea* is a benefite,
what are thy threates but sugred promises.
Ara. Then shalt thou liue and Ile importune thee.
Pan. I, now is *Panthea* menaced to the proofe.
Yet euery word thou speakes shall wound my heart,
And in despite of thee Ile die at last,
The earnester thou art the sooner too,
But to preuent it thus I will flie from thee,
Cyrus shall know Araspus villanie.

Exit Panthra.

Ara. Thus therefore shall I pine, abandon loue,
O t'is inherent to Araspas soule.
And thereby claimes an immortalitie.
So it shall nere begin, nor neuer end,
A cursed Magitian, are these thy wicked spels?
Ma. O pardon me my honourable Lord,
For *Pantheas* vertues frustrated all my art.
Ara. Must Magicke yeeld to vertue? wherfore then
Didst thou assure me she should be in loue?
Ma. So was she being a sleepe, as did appeare.
Ara. And why not being wake, speake villain speake

Reason

Mag. Reason my Lord was the predominant,
Her intellectuall part striued against loue,
and Magicke cannot commaund the soule,
while appetite and common sense remained,
You saw I made her smile, embrace the aire,
and shew the affects of amorous conceits,
Few women vse to skirmish with such thoughts,
and had this *Panthea* beene at libertie,
she would haue yeelded to your honours sute.
But in captiuitie is nought but greefe,
and loue with greefe will keepe no residence.

Ara. Smooth are thy wordes, but rough and harsh thy sense,
For they import *Panthea* cannot be forced.
Canst thou with inchauntations make her die?
That she being gone my loue may follow her.

Mag. Life is adiunct vnto our humane forme,
Exempt from Magicke and Magitians,
And thats the cause we sooner hurt brute beasts,
Then such as haue the semblance of our selues.

Ara. Deceitfull Artisan thy words are sleights,
Thy wordes deceitfull and full of guile,
Wit is a witch, sweete words must conquer her,
Out of my sight, yet conceale this attempt,
If thou bewray it, maugre all thy skill,
This sworde shall send thee to eternall hell.

Exeunt.

Enter Dinon and Libanio.

Dinon. Now are we at the bankes of Euphrates,
Farre from the campe where souldiers haunt,
and here may we vnder this poplar shade,
Discourse vpon the sweetnesse of our loue.

Lib. You know my Lord I am too yong to loue,

Dinon. Faire Alexandra, if thou loue not me.
Thou art compact of adamant and yron,

Thy

Thy yeares are fit for loue, so are thy lookes,
Lib. How fit so ere my yeares be and my lookes,
I Alexandra am vnfit to loue.
Is not my father with the Persian king,
And I Alexendra as captiue in his stead,
And giue me leaue to waile my hard estate,
and make a riuer with my flowing teares,
That mingled with the streame of Euphrates,
May swiftly runne vnto my fathers seate,
And make him haste to great Antiochus.
Dinon. Nay rather sit vpon this sedgie bankes,
That I seeing thy shadowe in the streame,
May feede my fancie with thy pleasant view,
If not enioy the sweetnesse I desire,
and leape into the waues and drowne my selfe,
That thou maist pittie *Dinon* being dead.
Lib. O I could pittie *Dinon* being aliue,
But that I feare my father will not come,
and then shall Alexandra suffer death,
and being dead *Dinon* may pittie me.
Dinon. Loue, may I call thee loue, loe shee doth not frowne,
Her lookes giues warrant for that Epitite,
For thee Ile kneele before Antiochus,
and rather then thou shalt be toucht by him,
Ile beare thee hence as farre as Tanais,
Or keepe thee close in these Assyrian woods,
Lib. No place is secrete to Antiochus,
Dost thou not know that kings hath reaching hands?
Dinon. I do yet know my sworde is sharpe and keene
which when I drawe and brandish in the aire,
all Babylon will fight in my auaile,
who honour me more than Antiochus.
I will not say how great thy dowre shall be,
Nor boast what cities I commaund,
Let this, though not a king in name,

In

In wealth and friends I am an Emperour.
Lib. If I ſhould yeeld your honour might ſuppoſe,
That dignitie and wealth ſhould conquer me,
Therefore I bluſh to ſay I loue my Lord.
Dinon. And when thou bluſhes *Dinons* heart is fired,
Therefore to quench it giue a gentle grant.
Lib. My honor being preſerude, my grant is giuen.
Dinon. Thereof am I as chairie as thy ſelfe,
And of thy loue as of my proper life.
O *Alexandra* thy wordes rauiſheth me,
Lull me a ſleepe with ſweetneſſe of thy voice.
Lib. Then ſhall my ſong be of my *Dinons* praiſe,
Sleepe *Dinon*, then *Libanio* draw thy ſword,
And manly thruſt it in his ſlumbring heart.
There is no way to ſaue thy life but this.
And therefore feare not, ſhall I ſlaughter him
That intertained me with ſuch amorous wordes,
Such bounteous gifts and golden promiſes?
When he ſhall know I am *Libanio*,
And go I cannot but I ſhall be taine,
Vnleſſe I ſlay him in his hapleſſe ſleepe,
For he will quickly wake and follow me,
Now *Dinon* dies, alas I cannot ſtrike,
This habit makes me ouer pitifull.
Remember that thou art *Libanio*. *She killes him.*
No woman but a bondman, ſtrike and flie.
Exit.

Enter the Aſſyrian king and his Nobles.

An. Now that *Gobrias* fortreſſe is our owne,
His daughter priſoner, and his Countrie burnt,
Lets march from hence to welthie Babylon.
And muſter thoſe reſolued Citizens,
To meete the Perſian in the open field,
Twice hath he led his forces by our gates,
Yet neuer durſt to mount his battring Ramme,

Or

Or warlike engine against the rampred walles,
Therefore we lie no more in garrison,
But bussell out and fight for libertie,
Nob. My Lord behold where *Dinon* slaughtred lies
Ant. *Dinon*, thou art deceyde it is not he,
Nob. It is my Lord I know him by his scarres.
Ant. These scarres were giuen him in my fathers dayes,
And now he is dead, ere I could guerdon him.
The greatest honour I can doe thee nowe,
Is to lament and kisse thy liueless cheekes,
And that will I performe for Dinons sake,
O that I could reuiue thee with this kisse,
Nob. Doubtlesse *Gobrias* daughter murdered him,
I sawe them in the morning walke abroad,
And since they ne're returnde into the campe,
Ant. Then she hath done this execrable fact,
And so is fled vnto her traiterous sire,
O that a sillie Maide should slaughter him,
Which not a world of Persians could subdue,
Is there no ende of my calamitie?
My father done to death by *Cyrus* sword,
Wicked *Gobrias* and his daughter fled,
Falle *Ctesiphon* resolude to murther me,
And now *Dinon* my chiefest captaine slaine,
Why runne we not vpon these Persians,
which are the authours of these miseries?
Come souldiers take him vp and march away,
Weele emptie Babylon to meete our foes,
And be reuengde vnto the ninth degree,
Both of *Gobrias* and his familie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cyrus, Panthea, Gobrias, Histaspis.

Pan. O *Cyrus* if the fortune of thy hande,
Haue turnde my freedome to captiuitie,

And of a Queene made me a captiue dame,
Yet thinke that vertue is not thrall to chaunce,
Nor honour subiect to vnhappie time,
But like a gallant consecrated ship,
That in extreamest wrath and stormes of seas,
Vaunts all her sailes and fights the battaile out.
Cyr. Madame the reason of these vehement tearmes,
Cyrus doth neither know, nor can coniect,
If since the time of your captiuitie,
You haue not beene intreated as you ought,
The gods can tell t'is farre against my thought.
Pan. Then know my great Lord, the man that tooke
To gard my honor, and my person free, (the charge,
Long since doted on my person so,
That doting he hath sought my honors wreake,
A tedious siege (God knowes) I haue endurde,
More hedious vnto me then hastie armes,
While vilde *Araspas* with his lewde desires,
Ceaselesse solicited my vnlawfull bed,
without repulses I haue quailed his hope,
which he renued with charge of fresh assaults.
But my denials made his purpose vaine,
In fine, when no intreatie could preuaile,
To frame my fancie to his wicked will,
He falles to threatnings from persuasious termes,
And vowes to purchase his desires by force,
And therefore *Cyrus* (as thou art a king)
Protect a Ladies honour from the spoile,
And let thy bondmaid liue and die vnstaind,
And if there rest no other hope for me,
But haue cke wr.ke and ruine of my fame,
O *Cyrus* on thy sworde let *Panthea* die,
And so preuent the daunger of my shame,
Cy. Ladie, how farre your vsage disagrees,
From *Cyrus* meaning, records be the gods,

As for my selfe (not vainly be it saide)
I holde my eyes in bondage to my will,
And keepe my thoughts in yoke to reason loue,
My sight on beautie neuer surfetted,
And where her beames were likely to infect,
My iudgement was a vaile before mine eyes
To beare such pearcing fancies from my heart,
Such as I am, such must my followers be,
Else let them packe they shall not follow me.
The man that offered to dishonour you,
shall be so throughly chastised for his fault,
As you shall rest sufficiently reuenged,
and knowledge me a gracious conquerour,
Histaspis carie her to your pauilion.

Pan. So stand the gods assistant to your armes,
as you stand pittifull to my mishaps.

Exit Histaspis and Panthea.

Enter Gobrias, Libanio in womans attyre.

Lib. My Lord, the gods and fate reserues your page,
To doe you further seruice ere he dies.

Cy. Gobrias goes your page in that attyre?

Go. My Lord, she is no page of mine.
Some shamelesse strumpet and lasciuious trull.

Lib. And hath my Lord forgot his seruant then?

Gob. First must I know before I can forget,
Thee haue I neither seene nor knowne till now.

Lib. O say not so my Lord, for oft ere this
I haue beene seene and throughly knowne to you,
And you I know to be my gracious Lord.
Gobrias that renowmde Assyrian.

Gob. Fond girle it seemes thy wits be not thine owne.

Lib. What hath my Lord forgot *Libanio*?

Gob. I know thee now thou art my sweet *Libanio*,
Thy borrowed habite made me to mistake.

I knowe thee nowe thou art my sweete *Libanio*,
A vertuous boy and of a noble spirit,
To whose deserts and courage I ascribe,
The rescue of my daughters libertie,
O *Cyrus* this is he that to preserue
My daughters freedome from the Assyrian king,
Chose to disguise himselfe in her aray,
In fearefull doubt and hazarde of his life,
To saue her honour from the tyrants wrath.

Cy. My boy, what ere thy birth and fortune be,
Great doth this mind and thoughts of honour taste,
Expressing markes of true Nobilitie,
And to excite thee to commended workes,
which are the pathes that to aduauncement ledes,
Receiue this chaine of golde from *Cyrus* necke,
And weare it in the face of all the worlde,
Not as a fauor to thy person giuen,
But as in honour to thy vertuous minde,

Lib. Great and surpassing is the kingly grace,
Yea farre beyond the compasse of my hope,
Gods grant me life and fortune to deserue,
This part of bountie at your royall hands.

Enter Alexandra.

Alex. *Libanio* then I haue not prayed in vaine,
Nor cal'de vpon the gods with frustrate vowes,
If thou once more be rendred to my sight,
The teares of whose supposed funerals,
Did houre by houre bedew my blubbered face,

Lib. Madame, the blessing of my strange escape,
I attribute alone vnto the gods,
If past so farre the reach of humane sense.

Alex. And for thy sake their aultars I will smoake,
with sweete perfume of thankefull sacrifice.

Cy. But boy expres in brief what meanes thou madest

To scape so safely from th' Assyrian campe
Lib. This meane I found and please my Lord & king,
vpon suppose of Alexandra selfe,
I was committed to a noble man,
Hight *Dinon*, to be guarded in his tent.
The glorie of my counterfet attire,
And maners framed according thereunto,
Did so inflame *Dinon* that with my loue,
That waking, sleeping, or what euer else,
He felt a restlesse combate in his thoughts,
In fine, more safely to commence his loue,
He led me quite beyonde th' Assyrian campe,
And brought me to the bankes of Euphrates,
There sate we downe, and he with amorous plea,
Not onely fild, but cloyde my wearie eares,
so farre that what with long continued talke,
And heate of sunne reflecting on the bankes,
Or happlie with the rathing harmonie,
which Euphrates his gliding streames did keepe,
Which seeing I imagined that the gods
Had offred this occasion to my hands,
For sweete recouerie of my freedome.
Short tale to make, with dreadfull hand I drew,
The sworde that hangde loose dangling by his side.
And with the full of my extended force,
I sheathd it home amidst the owners ribbes,
He wounded fet an inwarde grone or two,
Then turning on his face breathes forth his life,
The deed dispatcht, I hied me thence amaine,
And scaping cleane without impeach or stay,
Now stand before the Persian king this day.
Cyr. Presidem of manly fortitude,
Exceeding farre the opinion of thy yeares,
Gobrias haue an honourable care,
Alex. Lubanio now leaue Alexandras weedes,

That

That part is plaid and be your selfe againe,
That part poore boy with danger thou hast plaid.
Lib. Madame, no daunger can be so great,
That I'le refuse for Alexandras sake,
Cy. Gobrias say, is Alexandra she,
For whom your page these hazards hath sustainde?
Gob. It is my Lord. *Cy.* Then let vs to your wished for (place.
Gob. That place O *Cyrus* I desire to see,
Cy. This is the place the men that follow me.
Gob. Then wample both my eyes that with this turfe,
I may be sure to hit a vertuous man.
Cy. Shall she be his on whom this turfe shall light?
Gob. So that the man be good and vertuous,
Cy. Then throw at random when you please *Gobrias*,
You cannot misse a good and vertuous man.
Gob. Then Alexandra at thy husbands head.
Cy. Hist aspis you are hit. *Hist.* I am my Lord,
Go. Then Alexandra if you please is yours.
Hist. Happie were I if Alexandra please.
Alex. My Lord the fortune of my fathers hand,
Becommeth not his daughter to withstand.
To please my Lord and father I am yours.
Gob. Your fathers pleasde, *Hist aspis* she is yours.
Cy. Hist aspis take your loue at *Cyrus* hand,
this is our guise, and this the Persians do,
they woo and wed within a worde or two. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Antiochus, Hircanus, Aristobulus, and Ctesiphon.

Ant. No *Ctesiphon* vnsheath thy bloodie sworde,
And shew it staind and cankred with the gore,
that issued from that vaunting Persians heart.
What draw man, and shew thy iust conceale.
thy pay is prest in readie numbred golde,
Cte. My Lord and king I beare no bloodie sworde,
Nor staind with gore of Persians *Cyrus* heart,

A prince he is farre from delite in blood,
Milde, louely, vertuous, wise and bountifull,
Able to reconcile his greatest foes,
And make great princes of his meanest friends.

Ant. Thy going was to compasse *Cyrus* death,
How haps thy purpose ends without effect?

Cte. The Persian prince inclines to tearmes of truce, and craues the friendship of Antiochus,
So please my Lord the king to firme a peace,
For briefe whereof his letters I present,
Signed and deliuered with his royall hand,
Sincerely tending to the same effect,
Whereto if once your highnesse condiscend,
He will withdraw his armies from Assyria,
And on the couenants sealde dissolue his campe.

Ant. In case the Persian prince be so inclinde, thy answere shall lesse offend my mind.

Cyrus to Antiochus, health,

This beater cõming to my camp armd with resolution to kill me, and intreated more honorably then either his trecherie or thine could deserue. *Apprehend Ctesiphon.*

Cte. What reades my Lord aright, or doth he faine?

Hir. That you shall know before you start againe. Vpon the instant purpose of his interprice, it pleased God to confound him with such horror of conscience, that vncõstraind he cõfest the treason, & intreated pardon, vowing himselfe so far forth friend to *Cyrus*, that for his sake he would kill Antiochus. I was content to sooth the man in his villanie, because I would haue thee know the difference twixt an open foe & a dissembling friend. I giue thee this notice, not because I loue thee, or regard thy life but because a villain shall not triumph in the murder of him whom I account an honorable conquest of my self. Reward him according to his merits, & prepare to fight with me for thy own honor. *Farewell.*

This

Cte. Theis thankleſſe Perſian whom I ſpared from death,
Bequites me with the betraying of my life,
Ant. What anſwere maketh traiterous *Cteſiphon*?
Cte. O prince my guilt is plaine before my face,
And witneſde with a princes ſeale,
To ſtande vpon deniall were but vaine,
where open proofe conuicts me of offence,
I ſay no more, but proſtrate at your feete,
Submit my ſelfe to mercie of my Lord,
Ant. Such mercie as to traitors doth belong,
Such, and no better *Cteſiphon* ſhall finde,
Diſarme him of his martiall abiliment.
Diſgrade him of all titles of regarde,
And then referre his attachment to your prince,
Hir. This cote of armes, the badge of honor wun,
Through praiſe and vertue of thy auncestors,
We rent it from that traiterous backe of thine,
And as an honour ſlainde with villanie,
In deepe diſdaine we ſtampe it vnder foote,
Ariſt. This ſworde that once was girt vnto thy ſide,
To be emp'oyde in ſeruice of thy prince,
Now vowde to gore the bowels of his grace,
we breake it here vpon thy traiterous head,
Hir. Theſe ſquares of knighthoode that preſent the pride,
and honour due, to chiualrie and armes,
whoſe prickes ſhould force the proud couragious ſteed
with thundering race to breake the riders launce,
Thus doe we hew them from thy traiterous heeles,
Ant. Thou art no man of honour nor of armes,
Thou haſt no title of Gentilitie,
Nor ſtile of honour, left hereof to vaunt,
But are become inferiour of regarde.
Then is the baſeſt bondman of Aſſyria,
Or vileſt ſlaue that hauntes the Lidian dames.
Ariſt. Diſhonoured traitor, now prepare thy ſelfe,

To

To yeeld thy head vnto the hangmans axe,
Cte. Not fate but my demerits makes me die,
O now I finde *Nihilum prodior.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Histaspis Araspas.

Ara. I feare the furie of the Persian prince,
Histaspis, Cyrus furie I doe feare,
Hist. And wrath of princes, what is it but death?
Araspas on my honour make a proofe,
And neuer shunne the presence of our Lord,
A prince he is most milde and mercifull,
Soone mollified with vowes and penitence,
And though with great impacience he endure,
Your threatned violence to the Susan Queene,
Yet your submission and desire of grace,
Will pearce him with compassion of your sute,
And purchase pardon at his royall handes.
Ara. O spitefull beautie that bewitcht my minde,
And led my fancie to such foule extreames,
I will assay the mercie of my Lorde,
And yeeld my life to hazzard of his grace,
Hist. And doubt not but of *Cyrus* you shall finde,
A pitifull and passing gracious prince.

Enter Cyrus.

Cy. Histaspis and the rest, withdraw your selues,
Onely *Araspas* stay behind with me.
Ara. My souereigne Lord in trembling feare I stay,
And prostrate fall before your highnesse feete,
The fraile affects and errours of my youth,
Enforsed through follies of a wanton will,
Hath cast my life in perill of your wrath,
Blinded with charmes of beautie I haue falne,
And made my iudgement subiect to desire.
And in pursute of loues vnbrideled rage,
I haue transgrest the bounds of honours lawes,

O gracious Lord impute my error paſt,
Vnto the power of proud commanding loue,
That led my minde and thought ſo farre aſtray,
Forgiue thoſe frailties of my youth, O king,
And take your ſeruant once againe to grace,
with feare of your diſpleaſure almoſt ſlaine.

Cy. Force to a Queene, and ſhe a captiue too,
A Perſian Lord ſo farre miſled with luſt,
Intend diſhonour to a ſillie dame,
Araſpas they that would be conquerors,
Should chiefly learne to conquer their deſire,
Leaſt while they ſeeke dominion ouer others,
They proue but ſlaues and bondmen to themſelues.
Now where are thoſe your big and braue diſputes,
Wherein you pleaded loue was voluntarie,
And fancie left and intertaind at will,
When you imbrace it in ſuch raging heate,
That where intreaties faile of your deſires,
You fall from vowes to violence with the dame,
Araſpas for the excuſe of this offeuce,
You find no preſident in *Cyrus* life

Ara. I know and grant my Lord, the prince abounds
with peareleſſe gifts and graces of the minde,
wherewith the gods haue fild his kingly breaſt,
There nought but vertuous motions taketh roote,
Nothing but honour harbours in that ſeate,
And holy thoughts direct his royall deedes.
That ſo his grace might euerie way be found,
worthie the glorie of ſo hie a charge,
Yet ſince theſe frailties that diſgrace your thrall,
are humane faults and incident to minde,
Where ſtrong deſires hold reaſon vnder yoke,
The wonted mercie of my Lord the prince,
So prone in fauour to the penetent,
May mittigate the ſhame of this my faule.

With

With sweete compassion to his princes thrall.
Cyr. Araspas I remit thee this amisse,
although blameworthie in the hiest degree,
and for your tried deserts in martiall praise,
I am content this follie to forget,
Yet would I haue it seeme vnto the world,
That my displeasure made you flie from me,
And so reuolted to the Assyrian armes,
There this suppose shall make you intertainde,
and highly fauoured of that graceless king,
By meanes whereoffull safely you may learne,
The garrison and strength of Babylon,
The vtmost force and puissance of our foes,
With euerie purpose of Antiochus,
The time and place where he intents to fight,
Then hauing learnde the full of euerie thing,
In secrete you may scape againe to me.
With iust relation of the Assyrian campe.
This seruice if you please to vndertake,
You shall effect a singuler good turne,
and reape mortall thanks at *Cyrus* hands.
Ara. No longer let Araspas liue and breath,
Then with the vtmost venture of his life,
He will performe what *Cyrus* shall command.
And sacred price for this extended grace,
Though in the compasse of this hard affaire,
I leaue th' Assyrian faction to maintaine,
yet vow to beare a trustie Persian heart.
Cy. Then go with fortune, and returne with health
and grant the gods this enterprice of thine,
May end and prosper with desirde effect.
Ara. And grant the gods that *Cyrus* still may liue,
happie in peace, and in armes victorious.
Cy. To pacifie the angrie *Panthea* moode,
I will perswade her of Araspas flight.

That he is reuolted to the Assyrian king.

Enter Panthea.

Pan. Readie the humble handmaid of my Lord.
Cyr. To calme the heate of your offended mind,
Thus haue I lost as braue a warriour,
As euer trode vpon the Persian fields.
Pan. What warrior means my Lord and conqueror?
Cy. Araspas, who in feare of my displeasure,
Is fled from me vnto th'Assyrian campe,
And hath forsooke the Persians colours quite,
Thus madame for your sake hath *Cyrus* done,
Euen lost the worthiest souldier of his band.
Pan. Cyrus let not his losse perplex your minde,
If you will let me send a messenger,
Vnto my Lord and husband *Abradates*,
I know for these your princely fauours done,
To me his wife in this my captiues plight,
He will attend your fortune in the warres.
With more sincere affection, loue and zeale,
Then euer that vngracious person did.
Againe, my Lord my husband is a knight,
As forward treads, and fortunate in armes,
As euer spred his colours in the field.
Cyr. Is it likely Abradatus will forsake,
His natiue prince to follow forraine armes,
Pan. The father of this king by *Cyrus* slaine,
was highly loued and honourde of my Lord,
This now that reignes affected *Panthea's* bed,
Sought to procure a most vniust diuorce,
Betwixt my best beloued Lord and me,
who therefore beares him an immortall hate,
The starres of which incurable dispight,
Remaine so deepe inprinted in his thought,
That ten times blessed would he thinke himselfe,
To finde a fit occasion for reuenge.

Cy. Beleeue me Madam, if your Lord be armde,
With such sore grounded malice to the prince,
His helpe may greatly further my affaires,
And therefore if you can procure the man,
To stand assistant to the Persian armes,
You shall deserue great thankes at *Cyrus* hand.
Pan. *Cyrus*, I will presume to make my Lord
A trustie follower of the Persian armes,
And him your highnesse shall not faile to finde,
A noble friend and valiant gentleman.
Cy. And Madam, he shall want at *Cyrus* hands,
No praise, nor honour due to good deserts. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus.

Enter Antiochus, Araspas, and Nobles.

Ant. r *Aaspas* though thy birth and parentage,
Seeme deadly to the Assyrian eares,
Being discended of our chiefest foes,
who purchaste gentrie by our ouerthrow,
And in their insignes beare the Assyrian armes,
Yet seeing thou commest as confederate,
In token that I loue and honour thee,
Receiue this sworde, and fight couragiously.
Ara. Antiochus Ile weare it for thy sake,
And for the wrong that *Cyrus* offered me,
Vnlesse my destnie preuent my drift,
Ile quicklie hansell it with *Cyrus* blood.
Nob. Wherein hath *Cyrus* wrongd thee Persian say.
Ara. In barring me of her whom I esteeme,
Aboue the value of his Diademe.
Panthea my Lord.
Ant. What *Panthea*, Abradates wife?
Ara. I, louely *Panthea* Abradates wife,
Ant. Speake not of *Panthea* if thou loues me,

For

For her remembrance wounds my heart afresh,
Nob. His grace is alwayes passionate and sad,
If she be mentioned, therefore name her not.
Ara. Not that alone, but manie iniuries,
Insenst me to attempt his ouerthrow,
For in the field wherein your father fell,
I got rich armour, golde, and sumptuous tents,
all which he tooke vnto his proper vse,
and gaue vnto his speciall fauourites,
Nor had I wherewithall at *Cyrus* hands,
To heale those wounds which I receiued in fight.
Ant. Then see thou make as deepe wounds in his (flesh,
And so crie quittance with the couetous king,
I giue thee to this sword, armour and horse,
a horse as fierce as proude Bucephalus,
armour of trustier proofe then *Thetis* found,
Therefore Araspas fight couragiously.
Ara. Albeit I haue not Alexanders skill,
To manage him, nor yet Achilles armes,
to charge as brauely, yet as good a heart,
as Alexander or Achilles euer had,
And when I shrinke for feare out of the field,
Let me be torne in peeces with that horse,
Or hewed to death with this bright cortelaux,
Ant. Thy wordes Araspas tise me to the field,
and makes me thinke I shall be conquerour,
Come let vs march from wealthie Babylon,
and then towards *Cyrus* with our royall campe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Panthea, and Cyrus.

Pan. My husband mightie Lord, from Bactria,
Where he lay legar for th' Assyrian king,
Is come to serue vnder your highnesse flagges,
and in your aide hath brought two thousand horse,
Backt by his friends Assyrian Gentlemen.

all

all which will die at conquering *Cyrus* feete.

Cy. Is Abradates come from Bactria,
Then will I leaue to mone Araspas losse,
and thinke on conquest and sweete victorie?
Gobrias go with louely *Panthea*,
and bring him presently vnto our tent,
With those braue horsemen of Assyria,
You warlike aud victorious men,
Marshall your seuerall bands in equipage,
That Abradates king of Susia,
May wonder at the hugenesse of our campe,
and be the willinger to league with vs.

Enter Abradates with other.

Here he comes, and if by his aspect,
I may coniecture of his qualities,
He is valiant, wise, trustie and liberall,

Ab. I need not aske which is the Persian king,
The vertues shining in his glorious lookes,
Say this is Cyrus, and in signe of loue,
will Abradates thus salute his grace,

Cy. Sweete Abradates thou imbrasing me,
Hath stolne my heart, I loue and honour thee,

Ab. Faire Lord was neuer captiue gentler vsde,
Then *Panthea* of this gracious conquerour.
For Panthea, Cyrus I and this my traine,
Of which the meanest Soulder may take charge,
and be commander of a campe of men,
So able, wise and venterous they are,
Doth rest for euer at your highnesse becke,
Our horses which are grasing on the plaine,
In winter gallops, and in Isie seas,
and in the sommer swimmes the deepest streames,
Swifter are they in pace then lightfoot Hart,
Surer they are then Cammels dlodding on the wayes,
Fiercer then Tygres, and as

Olephants

Olephants with Castles on their backes,
And if they were compast with arming pikes,
They knew which way to make their passage forth,
And when their sides is painted eke with blood,
they pull their reines, and lookes downe to the ground
As if they vaunted of their seruice done,
The rider being dismounted they stand still,
And kneele vpon the ground to take him vp,
But if he chaunce to die, they pine to death.
These are *Cyrus* and the riders too,
Souldiers as good as euer sunne behelde.

Cyr. These horses thou speakest of makes me glorie more,
Then Lydian Cressus in his heapes of gold,
And of them all doth Cyrus make account,
As of the strengthes and sinewes of the warre,
We haue intelligence the Assyrian king
Is come from Babylon to meete vs straight,
Therefore if Abradates fauour vs,
Mount and away for we'le assaile them first.

Abra. For that comes Abradates, lets away.

Pan. But Abradates I will arme thee first,
Seest thou these pouldrons they are golde,
These vanbraces and currets massie golde,
The gorget and thy helmet beaten golde,
The belt imbrodered golde, yet all to base,
For Abradate louelier then the golde,
May neuer speare be broken on this breast,
But that the point thereof may soone returne,
And strike him dead that durst to giue that charge,
This helmet shunne thee from the sling sand darts,
This kisse make thee turne with victorie,
As for this garland made of loftie palme,
Panthea reserues it for her conquering Lord,
Vpon whose head will *Panthea* fasten it,
And hanging on his necke like *Hectors* wife,

Inquire the maner of the battell past.
Abr. Faire be my fortune for my *Panthea*,
Hist. My Lord Araspas in th'Assyrian armes,
Doth craue succesſe vnto your Maiestie.
Cy. Araspas, let him come, he is our friend.
And brings vs tidings from our enimies.

Enter Araspas.

Ara. Health vnto the person of my gracious lord.
Cyr. Welcome *Araspas*, brings thou chearful newes?
Is Antiochus resolued to fight?
Ara. This day he meanes to encounter with your hoſt.
Cy. What is the number of his fighting men?
Ara. In all two hundred thousand at the leaſt,
And thus in order lies his noble campe,
The foreſront is ten chariots,
Of purpoſe to disranke the approching ſo.
Next them are fiftie thousand horſmen placde,
To breake in where the chariots breake the way,
Next them fiue thousand slaues being lightly
laden with ſpeares, helmet, naked ſwordes,
To go along to ſerue the horſmens vſe.
Then twentie thousand Scythians runagates,
with venomde darts, whoſe heades are tipt with ſteele,
And laſt the battell of th'Assyrians,
Being hedgde with launces, as a wood with Briers.
On whoſe heades the croſſebowes and the ſlings,
will ſhoote and throw bullets of maſsie yron,
Whoſe verie fall would ſtrike Aclipos downe,
In middeſt whereof Antiochus will march,
Before whom doe a thousand bondmen draw
A brazen wall built vpon turning wheles,
To gard him ſure and his concubine,
All theſe vpon my honour I aduer.
Cy. If euery ſouldier had a wall of braſſe,
It could not daunt vs, we are reſolute,

And vowed and ſworne vnto our ſwordes,
which teacheth vs to ſcorne a brazen wall.
Abr. Renowmed *Cyrus*, honour me thus farre,
To haue the leading of your vauntgard forth.
Hiſt. Nay it belongs vnto a Perſian.
Ara. If to a Perſian, it belongs to me.
Hiſt. I ſerued Aſtiages your highneſſe ſire.
But if a ſtranger may deſerue the place,
I hope my ſeruing merits it my lord.
Pan My husband is a king, *Cyrus* I hope
will therefore grant it, if not for deſert,
Cy. Had I foure to encounter with,
you all ſhould lead the vauntgard of the field,
But onely one muſt haue the charge,
Though all deſerue it, therefore draw you all.
All. Content.
Cy. Cryſantas make the lots.
Hiſt. pardon me *Cyrus* though I do repine,
why ſhould we draw lots for our proper right?
Cy. Ile haue it ſo, *Hiſtaſpis* be content.
Cry. The lots are readie.
Cy. *Hiſtaſpis* I commaund thee to begin,
Now *Abradates* and the reſt.
Abr. Fortune hath fauoured me, the lot is mine.
Cy. Then thou ſhalt lead the forefront, let vs march,
Ara. The enemie is neare, make haſte my Lord.
Cy. Here Abradates, *Cyrus* placeth thee,
Leade warily, and fight coutagiouſlie.
Abr. As mine owne life ſo tender I theſe men,
Now to the battell, *Panthea* Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Panthea and Nicaſia.

Pan. Farewell, and my good angell follow thee,
And euerie ſtarre that raignd when I was borne,
Whoſe influence hath kept me yet from harme,

Vnfortunate

Vnfortunate be to make thee blest.
Ni. And miserie ceale on Nicasia,
So *Abradates* be kept from harme.
Pan. Ye Persian Deities for *Cyrus* sake,
Assyrian Gods for *Abradates* sake,
Giue victorie vnto the Persians,
That I may see my husband weare this wreath.
Ni. Madam, Bellonas shrine is heare at hand,
O let vs go to offer sacrifice,
To make her more propitious to his grace,
For now he is amongst th' Assyrian troupes.
Pan. Ile offer all my iewels on the shrine,
And make sweet fumes of Ambergreece and Myrrhe,
Of Indian Casia, Muske and Frankinsense,
That Abradates may be conquerour,
First at her aulter let vs ioyntly sing,
For Musicke is a sacrifice to her.

Actus quintus,

Enter Cyrus. Panthea, and the armie.

Pan. Great lords to whom the Assyrian scepter yeelds
and Babylon through right of victorie,
Lies open to those conquering swords of yours,
How fares my lord, my lord and louing feere,
My Abradates, liues he conquerour,
Or left by destnie numbred with the dead?
Cy. Faire Ladie, vertuous, chast, and amiable,
I trust your loue among the liuing dwels,
and like a champion and a knight at armes,
will shew himselfe or manie houres expire,
His temples adornde with victorious palme.
Pan. When to the fight my lord adrest his bands
Deuoutly entred I Belonas fame,
And there before the aultar of the Saint,
Perfumde the ayre with smoke of holie fire,

And breathed forth my plaints and eke my mones,
Thrice I me seemed the Goddesse turnde her face,
Offending-like frowning with angrie browes,
Against my prayers and my holie vowes,
O *Cyrus*, if my iealous thoughts diuine,
Some dismall sequell to this fantasie,
Yet pardon me seeing womens wittes are weake,
And loues aboundes with superstitious feare.
Cy. Madam, I trust the presence of yout Lord,
Returning backe in triumph and renowme,
Shall soone remoue those thoughts out of your mind,
So graunt the Gods my countries presidentes,

Abradates borne in dead.

Cy. What slaughtered bodie do you Persians bring?
Captain. Cyrus the bodie of the Susian king,
Stout Abradates by the Egyptians slaine.
Pan. Now let my Lord the prince of Persia iudge,
whether vnhappie *Panthea* feared in vaine,
O noble loue whose manly heart deserude,
To ioy the benefite of longer life,
And richer Trophes to enlarge the fame,
But tell vs now after what sort he died?
Cap. Mounted aloft his chariot armed with sithes,
Beating the strong Egyptians downe,
A few of his familiar trustie friends,
With dreadfull race insist his chariot Wheeles,
While the other in the battaile turning backe,
Abandoned him among the Egyptian pikes,
Yet *Abradates* with the few remained,
By force and vertue of his puissant hand,
Sendes thousand of the heathnish foes to hell,
Till at the last dismounted from his seate,
And round enuironed with his enemies,

After

After so many mortall wounds receyued,
He fell and yeelded vp his kingly ghost.
The Egyptians as their barbarous custome is,
when he was dead cut off his stout right hand,
And left it lying by the breathlesse corps,
But with a band of Persian men at armes,
we rescued him, and brought him to your grace,
Here to receiue such worthie funerals,
As fits the honour of so great a Lord.

Pan. Now Euphrates whose sad and hollow bankes,
Haue suckt the summe of *Abradates* blood:
which from his wounds did issue with his life,
Now cease thy course of thy disdained teares,
And let thy courage turne against the tide,
Of mere remorse of wretched *Pantheas* plaints.
Is this the hand that plighted faith to me,
The hand, that aye hath managde kingly armes,
And brought whole troops of mightie warriors down,
Now sended from the bodie of my Lord,
Cleane voide of feeling, sense and vitall breath,
So Gods and cruell destnies commaund,
Malignant of poore *Pantheas* happinesse.
Liue *Cyrus*. You Lords of Persia,
Command my honour to posteritie,
That ages hence the world report may make,
That *Panthea* died for *Abradates* sake.

She stabs her selfe.

Nic. Gone is my Ladie pearlesse *Panthea*.
Slaine with selfe griefe for *Abradates* sake,
Nicasia loathes to liue when she is gone,
The pride and Phenix of Assyria,
Ile not presume to touch the fatall steele,
Wherein my Ladies sacred blood do smoake,
Receiue me in thy bowels Euphrates,
And let thy bottome be *Nicasias* graue.

Enter

Enter Cyrus, Araſpas, and Gobrias, to Abradates dead

Cy. O Perſians ſee if any breath remaineth.

Ara. Cyrus alas all ſenſe of feeling is gone,
His ſenſeleſſe lims with ſtiffeneſſe ouergrowne,
No rubbing warming, ought auaileth vs,
But pale death ſits as conquerour ouer him.

Let Araſpas kneele downe by Abradates,

Cy. Mirrour of honor and true Nobilitie,
No age, no time ſhall euer race thy fame,
Whileſt Euphrates doth keepe his running ſtreame.
What Abradates, and chaſt Panthea too,
O Abradates worthie man at armes,
O *Panthea* chaſt vertuous and amiable,
This office *Cyrus* to your wandring ghoſt,
Reſerues in ſtore to grace your funerals,
with monuments of fatall Elonie.
Of Cedar, Marble, let, and during braſſe,
That future worlds and infants yet vnborne,
May kiſſe your tombes whereinyour bodies lie,
And wonder at the vertues of your minde,
Aſſyrian Lord, ſuch honour thou ſhalt haue,
As neuer had Aſſyrian at his graue.
Six hundred head of cattell ſhall be ſlaine,
And ſacrificed vpon the funerals day.
Twelue thouſand horſes being manned each one,
Trapt all in blacke ſhall goe before thy hearſe,
The towred battlements of Babylon,
Bend in contempt of heauen and earth, and men,
Thoſe markes of pride ſhall be abated downe,
To make a ſhew of mourning for thy death.
Such honour as you both receyude in life,
Such honour ſhall you both receiue in death.

FINIS.

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